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THE STRICKEN RIVIERA.

HORRORS ACCUMULATE AS THE TRUTH IS MADE KNOWN

Of the Devastation and Death in the Path of the Earthquake.

The King of Terrors Sets His Mark on Two Thousand of the Inhabitants and Crumbles Innumerable Homes to Ruin.

Awful Fate of Three Hundred Who Took Refuge in the Sanctuary—Villages Hurled from the Mountain Side into the Valley—The Dismayed People Living in the Open Air—Reassuring Reports from the Scientific Watchers—The Quake's Velocity.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—Telegrams from Rome state that the very latest reports from the various cities and towns stricken by the earthquake show that 2,000 persons were killed. The people in many of the afflicted districts are living in the open air, but it is likely that all apprehension of further disturbances will be allayed soon, the director of the Turin observatory having telegraphed in all directions the information that the seismic instruments under his observation are absolutely quiet, indicating that no further fear of a recurrence of earth tremors need be entertained. The damage and loss of life is confined to a belt extending but a few miles inland from sea; the interior towns having suffered but slightly, although the shocks were perceptible throughout a wide area.

The most startling news comes from the Genoese Riviera. Over 1,500 people were killed in that district. At the village of Bajardo, situated at the top of a hill, a number of the inhabitants took refuge in a church when the shocks were first felt. A subsequent and greater shock demolished the church, and 300 of the people who were in it were killed.

The destruction of property in the sections of Italy visited by the earthquakes was immense and widespread.

Further dispatches state that although there have been no further shocks at Nice the panic has not yet subsided. Fugitives are fleeing in every direction. The people are afraid to re-enter their houses and hotels, and Wednesday evening the heights back of the city were crowded with refugees. Two thousand English, American and Russian visitors were camped out during the night on the elevated ground. Six thousand persons have left the city and started for Paris. The son of Albert N. Hatheway, the American consul at Nice, was seriously injured.

There have been no further disturbances at Monte Carlo. The place is filled with thousands of refugees from Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and San Remo. It is difficult to find shelter for the great number of people, and Wednesday night many of them were compelled to camp out. Gaming has been suspended, and a band played on the terrace for the purpose of restoring confidence to the frightened people.

Another shock was felt at Mentone Thursday. It was so severe that houses were shaken. No one was injured. Additional details concerning the damage done by Wednesday's shocks show that in some cases villages built on the mountain sides were toppled into the valleys. Three railway trains have been dispatched with food for the sufferers. A number of soldiers have also been sent to assist them.

The disarrangement of the telegraphic service, however, makes it difficult to get authentic details of the calamity. The reports received are not calculated to allay the prevailing fear. There have been many rumblings of the earth since 6 o'clock Wednesday morning, and the shocks, which have occurred at irregular intervals, have wrecked a score of towns. In some places the floors of the public buildings are covered with the dead. Thousands of people besiege the churches, while the open fields are filled with praying men and women. A more dramatic spectacle than that presented in the unfortunate district can not well be imagined. Those villages which have not already been shaken down are deserted. Huge bonfires are blazing in the fields and the night air is burdened with the chanting and supplications of the people. All is dread and apprehension.

Graphic stories are told of Wednesday morning's shock. The tottering sensation caused by the movement of the earth was hardly more appalling than the terrible noise that accompanied the shock. People stood, despairing for a moment, and then a tumultuous rush was made for the open spaces, where they fell upon their knees and prayed aloud. The vibratory wave wrenched the most substantial buildings, chimneys toppled into the streets, rents appeared in the sides of many structures, and the water in the river rose to an unprecedented height, overflowing its banks and driving a number of yachts over the wharves.

Lightning Time by the Quake.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—The seismoscope in the signal office here was disturbed by, and accurately recorded at 7:33 a. m., Feb. 23 (seventy-fifth meridian time), the arrival at this point of the recent earthquake that occurred in France and Italy. A rough calculation fixes about 500 miles per hour as the velocity of the transmission.

Convict Labor in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 25.—Fuller's joint resolution declaring that the convict labor amendment was not legally adopted, and instructing the prison authorities to proceed as heretofore in contracting for the labor of the convicts was debated in the house Thursday. The debate was long, but at its conclusion a substitute offered by Herrington was adopted by a vote of 110 to 23. The substitute declares that the people have adopted the amendment and that it is the duty of the legislature to pass laws for its proper execution. The senate passed the bill making the "age of consent" in girls 14 years and in boys 16 years.

BRAGG ON "DEPENDENTS."

THE WISCONSIN STATESMAN TALKS RIGHT OUT IN MEETING.

And Expresses Himself in Robust United States—Hot Shot All Along the Line of the Pension Veto Fight—Hepburn Asks Questions—A Presidential Indorsement—The Veto Sustained, However, for Want of a Two-Thirds Vote.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—The debate which preceded the vote on the president's veto of the dependent pensions bill in the house Thursday could be called "animated" without a particle of exaggeration. The report of the pensions committee on the veto was in favor of overruling the same, and the advocates of the bill took the floor. Warner of Missouri, Grosvenor, Burrows, O'Hara, and others declared the veto a mistake and claimed that the bill did simple justice to a large number of good soldiers.

Then Bragg opened fire. He said the people should thank the president for this veto. The beneficiaries of the bill were not soldiers, but bummers, deserters, coffee-coolers, and bounty jumpers. The bill was an imputation on the true soldiers, and from that imputation he would defend them. The bill had been advocated and passed because those who would receive the money could vote. The G. A. R., he said, at its last grand encampment had passed resolutions condemning a service pension of \$4 a month. This bill would grant pensions to the scum—the very dregs of the earth—to the men who had served from December, 1864, to June, 1865—men who were paid from \$100 to \$300, with the private assurance that they were physically so defective that all they had to do was to go to the hospital. As to the men who were found in alms houses, they had come from them and simply lapsed into their old condition. No soldier need go to the alms house. These men had no self respect; they laid down and opened their mouths for a teat to suck. He knew gentlemen who had committed themselves day after day in opposition to the principle of the bill and were grateful for the veto.

[Cries of "Name them." "Who are they?"] Bragg—The Republican congressmen—all of them.

[The reply was greeted with applause, laughter and jeers, the spectators joining with those on the floor in demonstrations of approval and disapproval.]

Bragg asserted that the press was against the bill. The gentlemen who sat up aloft—[pointing to the press gallery]—might also some time turn this big pension boom into a boomerang in some gentlemen's districts.

Henderson of Iowa—We have fared as well in our districts as the gentleman has in his. [This reference to Bragg's failure to secure re-election was greeted with loud and prolonged laughter by the Republicans.]

Bragg repeated that the press was opposed to the bill. The great Republican paper of his state stood by the president, and so did the great Republican paper of Pennsylvania. The papers in New York, almost without distinction, were with the president. The great soldier Palmer, of Illinois, stood by the president. Governor Cox, of Ohio, stood by the president. Old Dan Sickles, of the Third army corps, said that the veto was a most glorious deed. Brave men of all parties stood by the president. It was only the little minds that went buzzing about like insects around the lines that opposed him.

Henderson of Iowa—[Contemptuously]—You stand by the president.

Bragg—No staff commissary can ever excite me. I am speaking for what I consider the soldiers' interest. Confederate soldiers, without hope, are toiling day by day and exhibiting a thrift, industry and energy never expected of them, while the northern man lags behind in idleness. Why? Because he is waiting for his stipend to come from the government, and when that stipend comes it is spent quickly.

Steele of Indiana—How about the Mexican bill?

Bragg—I have said that I wish the president had vetoed it. You all voted for the bill, and now you have discovered that it is a monstrosity.

Morrison—I am satisfied that the bill does not contain what its friends claim for it, and it is fairly subject to the objections urged against it in the veto. Besides, the veto is so far above the high water mark of ordinary executive independence and official manhood that I feel like sharing and taking my little part of the responsibility. [Applause on the Democratic side.]

Hepburn of Iowa commented on the fact that every gentleman who had spoken in opposition to the bill, save one, had voted for it originally. There must be some reason for this. A large number of them, like himself, terminated their official lives on the 4th of March, and a large number of them, unlike himself, were now about the White House "bending the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning."

[Loud cheers and laughter on the Republican side.]

There was a time when Benedict Arnold rode along the line and when he met with the acclaim of brave soldiery everywhere; yet there was another period in his life when he held an interview with an American on English soil—he not daring to come on American soil. He asked what his old comrades would do with him if they should meet him. "They would cut off your leg that was wounded at Saratoga and bury it with the honors of war, and the rest of your carcass they would hang on the gibbet." The statement of the gentleman from Wisconsin [Bragg] that the Grand Army has repudiated this bill was as untrue in word and essence as the greater portion of all of his diatribes of abuse against his own comrades. It was not an uncommon thing for a skilled huntsman to use decoys. So it is that the solid south—that opposes this bill and that stimulated this veto—puts forward all these northern gentlemen to represent it. Not one of them, for political reasons, has had the courage of his conviction and has dared to speak here as he will vote. Why?

Matson of Indiana closed the debate. He would not attempt, he said, to indulge in any imaginative flights, or to make any oratorical display. He desired to speak plainly, and he spoke for himself, for the committee, for the bill, and for no one else. He believed that the president had a right to veto legislation on other than constitutional grounds, and he believed that the present

executive had in many instances wisely made use of that right. It had been his pleasure and his duty to stand here and defend the president when that officer had interposed his objection to legislation. He would be glad if he could stand to-day and support the president's veto, and present to the country a united party in support of that veto, if his conscience and his heart would permit it. But he was driven and impelled to take the course he had, because, and only because, he believed it to be his duty as a legislator to ask the house to pass this bill over the veto of the president.

He held in his hand a petition drawn up in 1884, which was too long to read now. It was numerously signed, and in substance asked that a pension of at least \$8 a month be granted to all honorably discharged soldiers. It contained this indorsement:

I am sure that the subject of this petition is worthy of the prompt and careful consideration of congress, and full justice should be done to the parties in whose interest this movement is made. GROVER CLEVELAND.

As Matson concluded nearly every Republican was on his feet, and as he finished reading the endorsement a loud burst of applause came up from the Republican side of the chamber.

The question was then put—"Will the house upon reconsideration pass the bill, the president's objection to the contrary notwithstanding?"—and it was decided in the negative—yeas, 175; nays, 125; not the constitutional two-thirds in the affirmative.

Those voting in the affirmative were: Adams of Illinois, Allen of Massachusetts, Anderson of Kansas, Atkinson, Baker, Bayne, Bingham, Bliss, Bond, Boutelle, Brady, Browne of Indian, Brown of Ohio, Brown of Pennsylvania, Brumm, Buck, Bunnell, Burleigh, Burrows, Butterworth, Byrum, Campbell of Pennsylvania, Campbell of Ohio, Cannon, Carleton, Caswell, Conger, Cooper, Cutcheon, Davenport, Davis, Dingley, Dorsey, Dunham, Eldridge, Ely, Evans, Everhart, Farquhar, Felton, Flegler, Ford, Frederick, Fuller, Funston, Gallinger, Geddes, Gilfillan, Goff, Grosvenor, Grout, Guenther, Hale, Hanback, Harmer, Hayden, Haynes, Henderson of Iowa, Henderson of Illinois, Hepburn, Herman, Hiestand, Hires, Hiscok, Hitt, Holman, Holmes, Hopkins, Houk, Howard, Jackson, James, Johnson of New York, Johnston of Indiana, Kelly, Ketcham, Kleiner, Lafollette, Laird, Landes, Lawler, Lefever, Lehlbach, Libbey, Lindsey, Little, Long, Lore, Lottitt, Lovering, Lyman, Mahoney, Markham, Matson, Maybury, McComas, McKenna, McKinley, Merriman, Millard, Milliken, Moffatt, Morrill, Morrow, Murphy, Neece, Negley, Nelson, O'Donnell, O'Hara, O'Neill of Pennsylvania, O'Neill of Missouri, Osborne, Owen, Parker, Payne, Payson, Perkins, Peters, Pettibone, Phelps, Pindar, Plumb, Price, Randall, Ranney, Rice, Riggs, Rockwell, Romeis, Rowell, Ryan, Sawyer, Scranton, Seney, Sessions, Smalls, Spooner, Spriggs, Steele, Stewart of Vermont, Stone of Massachusetts, Strat, Struble, Swinburne, Swope, Symes, Tarsney, Taulbee, E. B. Taylor of Ohio, Ike Taylor of Ohio, Zach Taylor of Tennessee, Thomas of Illinois, Thomas of Wisconsin, Thompson, Townsend, Van Schaick, Wade, Wadsworth, Wait, Wakefield, Ward of Illinois, Warner of Missouri, Weaver of Nebraska, Weaver of Iowa, Weber, West, White of Pennsylvania, White of Minnesota, Whiting, Wilkins, Wolford, Woodburn and Worthington—175.

The nays were: Adams of New York, Allen of Mississippi, Bacon, Ballentine, Barbour, Barksdale, Barnes, Barry, Belmont, Bennett, Blanchard, Bland, Blount, Boyle, Bragg, Breckinridge of Arkansas, Breckinridge of Kentucky, Burney, Cabell, Caldwell, Felix Campbell of New York, Timothy Campbell of New York, Cutchings, Clements, Cobb, Collins, Compton, Comstock, Cowles, Cox of New York, Cox of North Carolina, Crain, Crisp, Culbertson, Curtin, Daniel, Dorgan, Davidson of Alabama, Davidson of Florida, Dawson, Dibble, Dockery, Dougherty, Dunn, Eden, Ermentrout, Findlay, Fisher, Forney, Gay, Gibson of Maryland, Gibson of West Virginia, Glass, Green, Hall, Halsell, Hammond, Harris, Hatch, Heard, Hemphill, Henderson of North Carolina, Irion, Johnson of North Carolina, Herbert, Hill, Hudd, Hutton, Jones of Texas, Jones of Alabama, King, Laffoon, Lanham, Martin, McAdoo, McCreary, McMullen, McRea, Miller, Mills, Mitchell, Morgan, Morrison, Muller, Neal, Norwood, Oates, O'Ferrall, Outhwaite, Peel, Perry, Keagan, Reese, Richardson, Robertson, Rogers, Sayers, Scott, Seymour, Shaw, Singleton, Skinner, Snyder, Sowden, Springer, Stahlacker, Stewart of Texas, St. Martin, Stone of Kentucky, Stone of Missouri, John M. Taylor of Tennessee, Tillman, Trigg, Tucker, Turner, Van Eaton, Vile, Ward of Indiana, Warner of Ohio, Wellborn, Wheeler, Willis, Wilson and Wise—125.

The vote by which the bill originally passed the house was 180 to 76, so it appears that the following named members—all Democrats—changed their vote on the measure: Adams of New York, Bacon, Boyle, Burnes, Cobb, Curtin, Dawson, Dougherty, Eden, Ermentrout, Fisher, Gay, Gibson, Hall, Hatch, Hill, McAdoo, Morrison, Outhwaite, Scott, Seymour, Shaw, Sowden, Springer, Stahlacker, Stone of Maine, Vile, Ward of Indiana, and A. J. Warner, of Ohio.

As the speaker announced the vote and stated that two-thirds of the members had not voted to pass the bill there was a storm of applause on the Democratic side, which was answered after an instant by prolonged hisses and groans from the advocates of the bill. Members gathered in knots in excited conversation, and there was much confusion while the speaker pounded his desk to secure quiet. Finally comparative order was restored and the business of legislation proceeded.

RETALIATION HANGS FIRE.

The Senate Non-Concurs—Ingalls Named for the Chair—House Doings.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—The senate Thursday disagreed to the house substitute for the fishery retaliation bill, and asked a conference. Van Wyck offered a resolution committing the senate to a constitutional amendment providing that senators be elected by the people. Edmunds offered a resolution declaring Ingalls president of the senate after 1 p. m., Feb. 2; laid over. The bill extending United States laws over the unorganized territory south of Kansas was passed. The bills authorizing the bridging of the Missouri river at Sioux City, Iowa, and of the Mississippi at Grand Tower, Ill., were passed. The pleuro-pneumonia bill was then considered and amended so as to place its execution in the hands of the president instead of the commissioner of agriculture, and also providing that the president appoint the commissioners without confirmation by the senate. Numerous other amendments were offered and some agreed to, and Edmunds gave notice of a substitute for the whole bill. Without final action the senate adjourned at 7:25 p. m.

The house received from the president vetoes of the bills granting pensions and in creases of pensions to Anthony McRobert

and Margaret R. Jones, Lorin Burritt and W. H. Morchier. The report of the elections committee on the Indiana contested election case was agreed to. The report favors Steele, the contestee. Then the post-office appropriation bill came up and the senate amendment appropriating \$500,000 for a subsidy for ocean mail service to Mexican and South American ports was non-concurred in. The fight of the day took place on the next business—the president's veto of the dependent pensions bill. The debate was a lively one, Bragg leading the opposition to the bill and denouncing savagely the beneficiaries thereof. The veto was finally sustained, the vote being 125 for the veto and 175 against—not the requisite two-thirds. There was much excitement during and after the roll-call, and then the naval appropriation was taken up in committee of the whole. The bill was read, but without action the house adjourned.

Editors Will Foregather at Denver.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—The executive committee of the National Editorial association met here Thursday and fixed upon Sept. 6 to 10 next as the time, and Denver, Colo., as the place of their annual convention.

Did Not Veto the Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—The report that the president had vetoed the anti-polygamy bill turns out to be a mistake, and it is now stated that there is little reason to believe he will do so.

DEMANDED THE CHAIR.

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE INDIANA LEGISLATIVE ROW.

Almost a Riot in the Senate Chamber on the Occasion of Robertson's Demand for the Chair—One Senator Struck Between the Eyes—An Excited Populace—The House Declares Non-Intercourse.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 25.—There were scenes of riot and confusion at the capitol building Thursday morning, and the passions and prejudices of the actors were excited to the highest pitch of intensity. Though the session has been marked by many exciting scenes, nothing like that of Thursday had ever transpired in the legislature, and it is well for the fair name of the state that murder did not grow out of it. At an early hour crowds of people entered the capitol, expecting that Robertson would demand his seat as lieutenant governor, but the doors of the senate were securely locked and guarded by an extra force of doorkeepers and policemen. Col. Robertson was early upon the scene, but he was refused admission, though he continued to stand near the door and soon forced his way into the chamber. In the meantime the crowd in the corridors had increased to several hundred, and several desperate efforts were made to force the doors and gain admission. A struggle ensued with the doorkeepers and police, and several persons were struck but not seriously hurt. One man had his coat torn into shreds and a policeman was roughly handled by the crowd, being taken away from the door and violently thrown to the hard floor several times.

While this was going on in the corridors a fight took place in the chamber. Senator Johnson entered, and turning around saw the doorkeeper refuse admission to Senator Demotte. Johnson began to abuse the doorkeeper, calling him a Democratic slagger and scoundrel, and Senator McDonald left his seat and passed over to the door. He then took hold of Johnson's arm and the latter turned suddenly upon him and planted a blow with his fist squarely between McDonald's eyes, with the remark: "D—n you, I have been wanting to get a lick at you." McDonald did not return the blow, but told Johnson he had better go to his seat and learn to control his temper. Senator Cox and Johnson then indulged in a war of words, and Johnson placed his hand on his hip pocket and swore that somebody would get hurt if he was pressed any further.

As soon as order was restored, Col. Robertson arose and advanced toward the president's desk, with the evident intention of presiding over the senate. As his foot rested on the lower step he was seized by an assistant doorkeeper and pushed back. He made a second attempt to ascend to the stand, but the doorkeeper again interfered, and he turned and began to address the senate. He was called to order several times, but refused to cease speaking, and Senator Fowler moved that Robertson be put out of the chamber. This motion was put and carried, and the doorkeeper was ordered to remove him. Robertson offered but little resistance, and was soon pushed out of the door. Senator Demotte denounced the act as an outrage, and Senator Howard approached him and said: "If you don't stop that I'll smash your mouth; you are the cause of this trouble."

Demotte could not be silenced in that way and the doorkeeper was called to seat him. This was accomplished after a struggle, in which the senator was thrown to the floor. As soon as Robertson was put out of the senate a crowd gathered around him and offered to break open the door and return with him to the chamber, but he refused to lead such a venture, and prevented two or three zealous individuals from breaking the transom over the door. He made an address to the crowd, counseling moderation, and the excitement rapidly abated.

The senate attempted to proceed with business, but the Republicans refused to respond to their names and a quorum was thus broken, and the senate soon after adjourned till Friday. In the house it was determined not to recognize the senate until Robertson is seated as its presiding officer. It will be observed that the relations between the two bodies are considerably strained.

A petition for a rehearing in the case of the lieutenant governorship will be filed in the supreme court by Judge Turpie and Alonzo G. Smith, presiding officer of the senate.

Because It Is Not Incorporated.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—Judge Ingraham has rendered an important decision in the suit brought by the Commercial Telegram company against the stock exchange, the Western Union, and the Gold and Stock company, to make permanent an injunction granted by the superior court prohibiting the defendant companies from interfering with the Commercial company in reporting the stock transactions of the exchange. Judge Ingraham

has decided in favor of the defendants, holding that as the exchange is not an incorporated body it can exclude such outside parties as it sees fit, and can make such contracts as it pleases.

A Million to Fight the Pleuro.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—While the pleuro-pneumonia bill was under discussion by the senate Thursday Edmunds gave notice of an amendment which he would offer as a substitute for the bill. It proposes an appropriation of \$1,000,000, to be expended under the direction of the president and in his discretion through the commissioner of agriculture, to aid the authorities of the several states in preventing the spread of pleuro-pneumonia, the appropriation to expire in two years.

Race Between Hanlan and Gaudaur.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—Articles of agreement were signed Thursday by Edward Hanlan and Joan A. St. John, the latter representing Jacob Gaudaur, for a three-mile with a turn, single scull race for the championship of America, \$2,500 a side and the gate receipts, on May 30 next, or the first favorable date following. The course has not been decided upon.

Canada Will Retaliate.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—The indications are that the conferees on the retaliation bill will agree on something. Dispatches from Canada indicate that the government will probably retaliate by excluding our cars should the railway feature of the bill be adopted, and it is not impossible that this may be abandoned by the committee.

Another Illinois Legislator Dead.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 25.—Representative Haskinson, who has been lingering at the point of death with pneumonia at the Revere house for several days, died shortly after midnight Thursday night. This is the second representative seat vacated by death this week.

That Suppressed Hewitt Letter.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—The dinner committee of the Brooklyn Young Men's Democratic club held an excited meeting Thursday night, the outcome of which was a resolution censuring Mr. Lee, president of the club, for suppressing Mr. Hewitt's letter.

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REVISED THEIR PLATFORM.

The Union Labor People Finish Their Business and Adjourn Sine Die.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Feb. 25.—Thursday morning the Union Labor national convention was called to order at 9:30 and the roll of states for national committeemen was called, resulting as follows: Alabama, T. J. Goodall; California, E. E. Davis; Colorado, Rev. Gilbert De La Matyr; Dakota, A. O. Dean; Maryland, C. H. Pettens; Massachusetts, Warner Johnston; Michigan, William B. Near; Missouri, B. J. Nolan; Nebraska, O. O. Hall; New Hampshire, George Carpenter; New Jersey, W. B. Dabois; New York, Joel T. Hunt; Ohio, Charles Jenkins; Rhode Island, E. W. Pike; Mississippi, John P. Zane; Tennessee, J. R. Miles; Texas, Capt. Sam Evans; West Virginia, James K. Thompson; Wisconsin, W. L. Lockwood; Washington territory, Geo. E. Smith.

At this point a secession was threatened. Delegate Winston, of North Carolina, got the floor and said that the Arkansas, North Carolina and Mississippi delegations had declined to go into the organization of the national committee. He offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the planks in the platform on land, transportation, money, income tax, and Chinese labor be recognized as the national platform of the party, and that the states may adopt the others at their pleasure.

Col. Norton, of Illinois, moved that the resolution be adopted, and it was carried with a general shout and few noes.

When the platform question was settled the following southern delegates took places on the national committee: Arkansas, Charles E. Cunningham; Mississippi, J. W. Copeland; North Carolina, John R. Winston.

Thomas M. Gruelle, of Indianapolis, was elected chairman of the national committee, and L. F. McDonald, K. of L., a cabinet maker of Springfield, Ohio, was elected secretary, and A. J. Streater, of Illinois, treasurer. After the usual vote of thanks and complimentary speeches, the convention adjourned sine die.

At 7 o'clock in the evening there was a reunion of the Blues and Grays, or the northern and Confederate soldiers of the new Union Labor party on the platform of Music hall. At 8 o'clock a ratification meeting of the new party to which everybody was invited, was held. Speeches were made by Col. S. F. Norton, of Illinois; Jesse Harper, of Illinois; P. E. Davis, of California, on the Chinese question, and Mrs. Marion Todd, of Michigan.

A BOX OF BONES.

Ghastly Contents of a Package Received at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 25.—A box containing the detached and mutilated remains of an adult was discovered in the office of the Baltimore & Ohio Express company, this city, Thursday morning. Attention was attracted to the box, which was received from Cincinnati bearing the address, "John Osborn, Pittsburg," by the very offensive odor of decaying flesh. Superintendent J. D. Zimmerman ordered the box opened. The first sight of the contents caused the whole office force to recoil with horror. A human skull sawed through perpendicularly from the summit to the base of the lower jaw, divested of its flesh, grinned horribly at them. Flanking the skull were the femoral bones, black and ghastly, to which are attached shreds of putrescent flesh. Under them lay the spine, the articulations of which were still full of flesh and great hunks of gristle, far along in the process of mortification. The remaining bones of the body lay deeper in the box, and to all were attached to a greater or less extent the flesh.

The police department and coroner's office were notified and detectives are endeavoring to find "John Osborn," who is unknown in this city. Chief of Detectives O'Mara has telegraphed Chief of Police Deitsch, of Cincinnati, for any information obtainable in that city. Marks upon one knee and upon the face show very rough treatment. A prominent physician thinks the box is intended for some medical student. The chief of police and coroner think differently.

The Doctor Was Correct.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 25.—The detectives, in working up the case of the mutilated body found in the Baltimore & Ohio Express company's office at Pittsburg, have learned that the box was shipped by a medical student giving the name of John Osborne.

Disastrous Fire at Nebraska City.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Feb. 25.—Nine buildings, including the Masonic and Odd Fellows' three-story block, were destroyed by fire Thursday morning, and owing to scarcity of water and fire apparatus the excitement at one time was intense, it being feared that the whole place would be swept away. The loss, roughly estimated, is \$150,000; insurance, about \$65,000. While the fire was in progress the west wall of the Odd Fellows' block fell, burying ten firemen. All were extricated alive and badly bruised, except C. E. Bickford, who is thought to be fatally hurt. The Lincoln fire department was telegraphed to and sent an engine, which probably saved the town.

Work of Wisconsin Lawmakers.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 25.—The senate Thursday adopted a resolution providing for a constitutional amendment prohibiting contract convict labor, and killed the bill reviving capital punishment. A constitutional amendment was presented in the senate requiring railways in this state to give annual free passes to elective state officers, judges of supreme and circuit courts, and legislators, to be used only when traveling on public business. The bill prohibiting the employment of Pinkerton men was amended so that they may be employed when sanctioned by the governor, and passed to third reading.

Disagreed on Dillon Et Al.

DUBLIN, Feb. 25.—Judge Murphy, in the case against Dillon et al. for conspiracy in the "plan of campaign" business, charged the jury altogether against the defendants, telling them that if they believed that the traversers had united in agreeing to urge the people to do what the indictment alleged, the traversers had acted unlawfully. The question of fact was not controverted by the defendants, but the jury failed to agree. There were three Nationalists on the jury, it is stated.

Population in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Feb. 25.—The census of 1885, just issued, shows the state population to have been 1,942,141, a gain in ten years of 17 1/2

per cent. Population of Boston and suburbs, 574,240, a gain of 19 1/2 per cent. The gain in city population in the decade is 30 per cent. The agricultural districts show a loss of population, and the towns and cities a gain.

Got All Their Bills In.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 25.—Wednesday's session of the senate was continued until noon Thursday, when the fiftieth and last bill day of the session closed. Two hundred more bills have been introduced than at the last session.

Death of a Poet and Author.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Feb. 25.—Benjamin F. Taylor, the poet and author, died Thursday morning, aged 67 years.

Decline To Be Discharged.

COVINGTON, Ky., Feb. 25.—The president of the South Covington and Cincinnati street railway has informed the striking drivers that they were no longer in the employ of the company. The men refused to take any notice of the discharge. They are very quiet. No attempt was made by the company to run cars Thursday morning.

A Suspension in Boston.

BOSTON, Feb. 25.—Owing to an attachment placed on their property the Keeler Manufacturing company, makers of women's underwear, Boston and Needham, have suspended. Liabilities and assets not known.

Chinese Crusade Against Christians.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—The Times' Pekin correspondent telegraphs that the chief of a wealthy family at Z-Chuen, province of Z-Chuen, China, has been executed despite the remonstrance of the French minister. The situation throughout the provinces of Z-Chuen and Koel Choo has become critical, owing to fanatics preaching a crusade against the Christians, in which they are aided by the mandarins, who advise the extermination of Christianity from the empire.

Bills Approved by the President.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—The president has approved the bills to prohibit the importation and immigration of foreigners and aliens as laborers; to prohibit the hiring out of United States prisoners; two bills amending the immediate transportation act so as to extend its provisions to express companies, and to all the merchandise subject to specific duties, and to prohibit the importation of opium by Chinese subjects.

Bounced a Police Board.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 15.—The state officers Thursday bounced the board of police commissioners and appointed John B. Elam, Nicholas Ruckles, and William Henderson in their stead. The first two are Republicans and Henderson a Democrat and cousin of the late Vice President Hendricks. The old board will appeal to the courts.

George Bancroft Probably Dying.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—The venerable historian, George Bancroft, has been ill with pneumonia for several days, and his death is hourly looked for. His great age—he is nearly 87—is much against him, and very small hopes are entertained of his recovery, though he was reported a little better Thursday.

What an Old Wreck Has Cost.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25.—An unknown schooner struck the old wreck on Fenwick shoals Wednesday night and sank. It is feared some of her crew are lost. A passing schooner was seen to pick up two men. This wreck has caused a loss of \$300,000 to shipping during the winter.

Special Session of the Senate.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 25.—A number of senators are of opinion that there will be a brief special session of the senate for consideration of executive business after the 4th of March, but as yet no action looking to that end has been taken either by the president or the senate.

Catch Him, Dead or Alive.

RIDGEWAY, Pa., Feb. 25.—Arn P. Busch, who is under death sentence for the murder of his brother some months ago, escaped from jail Thursday morning by filing the iron bars from the cell window. A reward of \$500 is offered by the sheriff for his arrest, dead or alive.

Horrible Sight for a Mother.

MOBILE, Ala., Feb. 25.—A runaway vicious horse attacked and trampled Rupert Dodson, aged 6 years, to death in the street Thursday, in the presence of the boy's mother.

Dry Weather in Sioux City.

SIoux CITY, Iowa, Feb. 25.—The sheriff has closed the principal saloons of the city. Only one is now running. The open saloon is a thing of the past.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 24. Quotations on the board of trade to-day were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 February opened 72 3/4c, closed 72 3/4c nominal; March, opened 72 3/4c, closed 72 3/4c; April, opened 72 3/4c, closed 72c; Corn—No. 2 February, opened 33 3/4c, closed 33 3/4c nominal; March, opened 33 3/4c, closed 33 3/4c nominal; April, opened 33 3/4c, closed 33 3/4c nominal. Oats—No. 2 February, opened 23 3/4c, closed 23 3/4c nominal; March, opened 23 3/4c, closed 23 3/4c nominal; April, opened 23 3/4c, closed 23 3/4c nominal. Pork—February, opened 15 1/2c, closed 15 1/2c nominal; March, opened 15 1/2c, closed 15 1/2c nominal; May, opened 15 1/2c, closed 15 1/2c. Lard—February, opened 6 7/8c, closed 6 7/8c nominal.

Live stock—The Union stock yards reports the following range of prices: Hogs—Market opened shade higher and firmer, later weakened and prices receded again; trading slow; sales ranged \$4.05-\$4.40 for pigs; \$5.00-\$5.40 for light; \$5.10-\$5.30 for rough packing, and \$5.35-\$5.85 for mixed and heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Market slow, shade lower; fat cattle, \$3.75-\$5.00; cows, \$2.00-\$3.60; stockers, \$2.60-\$3.85. Sheep—Stronger; natives, \$3.50-\$5.00; westerns, \$3.00-\$4.75; lambs, \$4.50-\$5.75.

Produce: Butter—Elgin creamery, 21 1/2c per lb; fine dairy, 17 1/2c; fancy roll, 15 1/2c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12 1/2c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 7 1/2c per lb; turkeys, 7 1/2c; ducks and geese, 7 1/2c. Potatoes—Burlington, 46 1/2c; Early Rose, 45 1/2c per bu on track, mixed lots, 35 1/2c. Apples—Good to choice, \$3.00-\$3.50 per bbl.

New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24. Wheat—No. 1 red state, 92 3/4c; No. 2 do 89 1/2c; No. 2 red winter, 89 1/2c; April, 90 1/2c. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 47 1/2c; do February, 47c; do March, 47 1/2c. Oats—No. 1 white state, 39c; No. 2 do, 37 1/2c. Rye—Dull and unchanged. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; new mess, \$15.00. Lard—\$7.25 March; \$7.30 April.

A "Doomerang" Shell.

Another new shell, which is called the Mitrailleuse, after the celebrated fieldpiece of that name, has been invented by a mechanical engineer named Thimon, who has served in the artillery. This terrible engine is productive of four different results. It shatters the object at which it is aimed, and, continuing its course, sends twelve bullets forward and the same number backward, finally exploding and discharging 144 bullets. Experiments will be made with the new engine at Perigueux in a few days.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Ice of a Glacier.

With regard to glacier ice, a curious speculation has recently been made, according to which the Alotsh glacier, situated between the Jungfrau and the valley of the Haute Rhone, if it were cut into blocks of the size of the Paris Bourse, and these blocks were put side by side, would furnish sufficient ice to form a double ring round the earth along the equator. Most of the Swiss glaciers are far too difficult of access to make it probable that they should ever be utilized for industrial purposes.—New York Sun.

Ignorant of the Country.

"I have been conductor on a Pullman car running between Chicago and Hornellsville for the past five years," said a young red headed man in a suit of blue clothes, "but I must confess that I never saw a single station on the line between Chicago and Youngstown, O., and I pass them all three times a week. No, I am neither blind or deaf; but you see the run between Chicago and Youngstown is made at night, and I have no opportunity to see the towns west of Ohio.—Chicago Herald.

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For draft \$ 10. and under.....	5 cents
" " 25. and exceeding \$ 10.....	10 "
" " 100. " " " " " " " " " "	15 "
" " 200. " " " " " " " " " "	20 "
" " 300. " " " " " " " " " "	25 "
" " 400. " " " " " " " " " "	30 "
" " 500. " " " " " " " " " "	40 "
" " 1000. " " " " " " " " " "	50 "

For collections: \$10. and under, 15c.; over \$10. and not exceeding \$300., 25c.; over \$300. one-tenth of one per cent.

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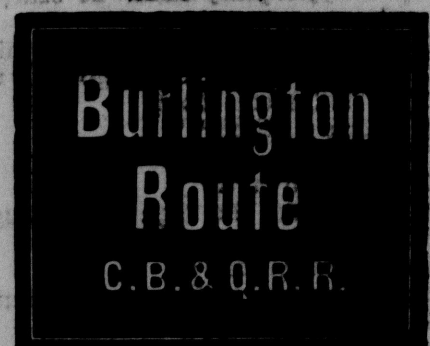
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For information concerning the Burlington Route, apply to the nearest Ticket Agent of the C. B. & Q. R. R. connecting railroads.

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Manufactured only by N.K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO.

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OTHERS!

One block below the Iron Bridge, on Water Street, where there is no noise of the mills, or confusion, you can find the best quality of

ILLINOIS VALLEY

3rd Vein Coal

I will sell it at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE for Cash; I will furnish a man to load, so that customers need only to take care of their teams.

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The finest assortment of HORSES AND CARRIAGES in the city.

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As Fine A Line of Goods, Foreign and Home Manufacture

As Can be Found West of Chicago

Which will be made up

At Reasonable Prices

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R. R.

TRAINS GOING EAST.	
Sterling Passenger.	leaves 6:41.
Pacific Express.	10:52.
Marshalltown Passenger.	2:40.
Leaves.	2:50.
Denver Passenger.	3:10.
Freight.	9:07.
Freight.	7:47.
Freight.	1:43.

GOING WEST.	
Sterling Passenger.	7:57.
Pacific Express.	8:42.
Marshalltown Passenger.	leaves 12:45.
Denver Passenger.	2:05.
Freight (except Monday).	5:40.
Freight.	12:25.
Freight.	3:00.
Freight.	5:49.

Freights carrying passengers.

Pacific Express runs every third Sunday.

H. E. HAND, Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

GOING SOUTH.	
Passenger.	11:04.
Passenger.	3:30.
New Passenger.	5:57.

GOING NORTH.	
Passenger.	6:15.
Passenger.	12:37.
New Passenger.	6:16.

W. C. WOOLEY, Agent.

*Daily except Sunday.

Daily except Monday.

SPIRY ANN.

The Standneges lived in a little sheltered cove upon the mountain side, their house only a two roomed cabin, with an entry separating the rooms, and low, ungainly chimneys at each end. Below it the Cartecay river lay like an amber ribbon in the green, fertile valley; above it towered majestic mountain heights, shrouded in silver mists or veiled in a blue haze. The Standneges were bred and born mountaineers, and had drifted into the little cove while Indian camp fires were still glowing like stars in the valley of the Cartecay and Indian wigwags dotting the river's banks. The house had a weatherbeaten look, and the noble chestnut oaks shading it had covered the roof with a fine green mold.

The kitchen, a heavy looking, smoke blackened structure with a puncheon floor, stood just in the rear of the house, and so situated that from the door one could look through the entry to the front gate and the mountain road beyond.

Mrs. Standneges sat in the kitchen door one morning with bottles and bean bags scattered around her, "sortin' out seed beans. She was a woman not much beyond middle age, but lean and yellow, with faded eyes and scant dun colored hair, time and toil and diet having robbed her of the last remnant of youth, without giving her a lovely old age. She was a good type of the average mountain woman, illiterate but independent, and contented with her scant homespun dress, her house, her bean bags.

A heavy old loom occupied one corner of the kitchen, and Polly, the eldest daughter, sat on the high bench before it, industriously weaving, while S'phiry Ann stood by the smoke stained mantel, watching the pine she had laid on the fire burst into vivid flame. A bundle of clothes lay at her feet, surmounted by a round, flat gourd, filled with brown, jelly like soap.

Polly was the eldest and she the youngest of eight children, but the others all lay safely and peacefully in the little neglected burial ground at the foot of the mountain. She was unlike mother and sister. She had youth, she was supple and fair, her hair dark and abundant, her eyes gray and clear. She had the soft, drawing voice, but also a full share of the sturdy independence, of her race. The circumstances of her christening Mrs. Standneges was rather fond of relating.

"Yes, S'phiry Ann is an uncommon name," she would say, not without a touch of complacency, "but her pap gin it to her. She was a month old to a day, when that travellin' preacher came through here an' held meetin' fer brother Dan'l on Sunday. He preached mostly about them liars droppin' dead at the 'postles' feet, and Standneges came home all but persussed about it, an' nothin' ed do but he mus' name the baby S'phiry Ann instead er Sarry Ann as we uns had thought. He 'lowed it sarved them unprincipled folks right to die, an' he wanted somethin' ter remind him o' that sermon. Well, I ain't desputin' but it was right, but I tole Standneges then, an' I say so yit, that ef all the liars in the world war tuk outen it, thar wouldn't be many folks left."

S'phiry Ann had heard of the fate of the Sapphira figurin in sacred history; it had been deeply impressed on her mind in her tenderest years, and might possibly have left a deep impression, for she grew up a singularly truthful, upright girl. Just now, as she leaned against the mantel and stared at the fire, her face wore an unwonted grave expression.

"Folks as set themselves up ter be better'n they ekals air mighty apt to git tuk down, S'phiry Ann," said her mother, evidently resuming a conversation dropped a short time before.

"But I ain't a-settin' up ter be better'n my ekals, ma," said S'phiry Ann, gently but defensively.

"It 'peared like nothin' else yiste'day when you uns so p'inted walked away from Gabe Plummer at meetin', an' it the first time you uns had seed him since comin' from yer aunt Thomas over in Boondtown settlement. Thar ain't no call ter treat Gabe so."

"But ain't we hear he's tuk up with them distillers on the mountains?" said the girl in a low tone, a deep flush overspreading her face.

"Yes, we uns hev heard it, but what o' that! Many a gal has tuk jes' sech."

"An' glad to get 'em too," snapped Polly sharply, stopping to tie up a broken thread.

"Gabe Plummer is er uncommon steady boy. He's er master hand at en'thing he wants ter do, an'—"

But S'phiry Ann did not linger to hear the full enumeration of her lover's virtues. Hastily balancing the bundle of clothes on her head, she took up the blazing torch, and hurried to the spring, a crystal clear stream, running out of a ledge of rock and slipping away through a dark ravine to the river. If she imagined

she had escaped all reproaches for her reprehensible conduct the day before, it was a sad mistake. Hardly had the fire been kindled and the rusty iron kettle filled with water, when a young man came treading heavily through the laurel thicket above the spring, leaped down the crag and saluted her.

"Mornin', S'phiry Ann."

"Mornin', Gabe," she said, blushing vividly and busying herself piling unnecessary fuel on the fire.

He was a fine specimen of the mountaineer, lithe, well made, toughened to hardy endurance, with tawny hair falling to his collar and skin bronzed to a deep brown. He wore no coat, and his shirt was homespun, his nether garments of coarse brown jeans. He carried a gun, and a shot bag and powder horn were slung carelessly across his shoulders.

"I knowed you uns had a way er washin' on Monday, so I jest thought bein' as I was out a-huntin' I'd come roun'," he said, sitting down on the wash bench and laying the gun across his lap.

"You uns air welcome," she said, taking a tin pail and stepping to the spring to fill it.

"I wouldn't 'a' 'lowed so from yiste'day," darting a reproachful glance at her.

She made no reply.

"What made you uns do it, S'phiry Ann?" he exclaimed, no longer able to restrain himself. "I ain't deservin' no sech; but if it was jes' ter tease me, why?"

She raised up with the pail of water.

"No, it wasn't that," she said in a low tone, her eyes downcast, the color flickering uncertainly in her face.

"Then you uns didn't mean what was said that night a comin' from the Dillin'ham gatherin'," he cried, turning a little pale.

"Mebby it's somebody over in Boondtown settlement," a smoldering spark of jealousy flaming up.

"It's the stillery, Gabe," she said, and suddenly put down the pail to unburden her trembling hands. "You uns hadn't ought ter go inter it."

"But the crap last year made a plum' failure," he replied exclaiming, his eyes shifting slightly under the light of hers. She was standing by the spring, against a background of dark green, a slanting sunbeam shifting its gold down through the overhanging pine on her dark, uncovered head, lighting up her earnest face, lending lustrous fire to her eyes. The scant cotton skirt and ill fitting bodice she wore could not destroy the supple grace of her figure, molded for strength as well as beauty.

"The crap wasn't no excuse, an' if you uns mus' make whisky up thar on the sly, I ain't got no more to say, an' I ain't got no use fer ye."

"Yer mean it, S'phiry Ann?"

"I mean it, Gabe."

"Then you uns never keered," he cried with rising passion, "an' that half way promise ter marry me was jest a lie ter fool me, nothin' but a lie. I'll make it if I please," bringing his hand down on the bench with a fierce blow.

"An' hide in the caves like a wild creetur when the raiders air out on the mountains!" she scornfully exclaimed.

His sunburned face flashed a dull red, and he writhed under the cruel question.

"They ain't apt ter git me, that's certain," he muttered.

"You uns don't know that," more gently. "Think o' Al Hendries an' them Fletcher boys. They thought themselves too smart for the officers, but they wasn't. You uns know how they was caught arter lyin' out for weeks a-takin' the sleet an' rain an' all but starvin', an' tuk down to Atlanta an' in jail, an' thar they staid a-pinin'."

I staid long er Al's wife them days, for she was that skeery she hated ter see night come, an' I ain't forgot how she walked the floor a-wringin' her hands, or settin' deep over the fire a-dippin' snuff or a-smokin'—twas all the comfort she had—an' the chillun's axin' for their pap, an' she not a-knowin' if he'd ever git back. Oh! twas terrible lonesome, plum' heart breakin' to the poor creetur. Then one day, long in the spring, Al crept in, all broke down an' no 'count. The life gave outen him, an' for a while he sot roun' an' tried ter pick up, but the cold an' the jail had their way, an' he died."

She poured out the brief but tragic story breathlessly, then paused, looked down, and then up again. "Gabe, I sez ter myself then, 'none o' that in your'n, S'phiry Ann, none o' that in your'n.'"

She raised the bucket and threw its contents into a tub.

Gabe Plummer cast fiery glances at her, the spirit and firmness she displayed commanding his admiration, even while they filled him with rage against her. Yes, he knew Al Hendries' story; he distinctly remembered the fury of resentment his fate roused among his comrades, the threats breathed against the law, but he held himself superior to that unfortunate fellow, gifted with keener wits, a more subtle wariness. The stand S'phiry Ann had taken against him roused bitter sentiment in his soul, but the fact that he loved her so strongly made him loath to leave her.

A happy dream of one day having her in his home, pervading it with the sweetness of her presence, had been his close and faithful companion for years, comforting his lonely winter nights when the wind tore wildly over the mountains, and the rain beat upon his cabin roof, or giving additional glory to languorous summer noons, when the cloud shadows seemed to lie motionless on the distant heights, and the sluggish river fed moisture to the heated valley.

What right had she to spoil this dream before it had become a reality? He could not trust himself to argue the matter with her then, but abruptly rose to his feet.

"We uns'l not say any more this mornin', though I do think a settin' up Al Hendries' wife agin me is an onjustice. Me an' some o' the boys air comin' down ter ole man Whitaker's this evenin', an' bein' agreeable I might step down to see you uns agin."

"Jest as ye please," she quietly replied, then with a tinge of color added: "If you uns'l go back ter the clearin' I'll do jest what I promised, Gabe."

But without saying whether he would or would not, Gabe shouldered his gun and went away.

branch to look at her, and a bird fluttered softly in the sweet gum above her. The sun slipped under a cloud, and when she rose to go about her work the spring day had grown gray and dull. It sent a shiver through her, as she stared dejectedly at the overshadowed valley. She had little time, though, for idle indulgence; she must be at her washing; and presently, when the clouds had drifted away and the sunshine steeped the earth in its warmth again, her spirits rose, a song burst from her lips—an ancient hymn, old almost as the everlasting mountains around her.

The day waxed to full noon, then waned, and S'phiry Ann spread the clothes on the garden fence and the grass to dry. There were other duties awaiting her. The geese must be driven up, the cows milked, and water brought from the spring for evening use. Then she would put on her clean cotton gown and smooth the tangles out of her hair before Gabe came in. It was all accomplished as she had planned, and at dusk she sat on the rear step of the entry taking a few minutes of well earned rest. The light streamed out from the kitchen, falling across the clean, bare yard and sending shifting gleams up among the young leaves of the trees. On the kitchen step sat Eph, an orphan boy of 12 or 13 the Standneges had adopted, whittling a hickory stick for a whistle, and at his side crouched a lean, ugly hound. S'phiry could see her father tilted back in a chair against the loom, talking to Jim Wise, a valley farmer who had come up to salt his cattle on the mountains, while her mother and sister passed back and forth preparing supper. The voices of the men were raised, and presently she heard Wise say:

"The raiders air out ter-night, so I hearr comin' up the mountain. They air expectin' ter ketch up with things this time, bein' as somebody has been a-tellin'—it 'pears so, any way."

S'phiry Ann pressed her hands together with a little gasp.

"The boys air got they yeers open," said Mr. Standneges with a slow smile, his half-shut eyes twinkling.

"But this is er unexpected move, an' they mayn't be a lookin' for it," persisted the other man.

"They air always a-ready an' a lookin'. They ain't ter be tuk nappin'."

But the girl listening with breathless attention shivered, not sharing her father's easy confidence. She remembered that Gabe Plummer had said they were coming down to old man Whitaker's, and she knew that they were off guard. They would be caught, she thought, with a cold sensation around her heart; Gabe would be put in jail, and locked up probably for months, and then come back with all the youth and strength gone from him. Even as these thoughts were passing through her mind, a sound fell on her ears, faint, far away, and yet to her, alert, keenly alive to the approach of danger, terribly significant. It was the steady tramp of iron shod hoofs upon the road, and it approached from the valley. She sat motionless, but with fierce beating heart, listening and feeling sure it was the enemy drawing near.

The revenue men had always looked upon the Standneges as peaceful, law abiding citizens, and though no information had ever been obtained from them, the officers sometimes stopped with them, lounged on the entry, or sat at their board, partakers of their humble fare. Probably they intended stopping for supper. The girl devoutly hoped they would.

The steady tramp grew louder, the hound pricked up his long ears, sniffed at the air, then dashed around the house with a deep, hostile yelp. The next moment a party of horsemen halted before the gate. Her fears were realized.

The dog barked noisily, the men chaffed each other in a hilarious way, while the horses stamped and breathed loudly, and the quiet place seemed all at once vivified with fresh life. Standneges went out to the gate, followed by his guest; Mrs. Standneges and Polly came to the door and peered out, and Eph hurriedly closed his knife and thrust the whistle into his pocket preparatory to following his elders. The officers would not dismount, though hospitably pressed to do so.

"Light, 'light, an' come in; the wimmen folks air jest a-gettin' supper," said Standneges cordially.

"Business is too urgent. We are bound to capture our men to-night. Why, the whole gang are coming down out of their lair to old man Whitaker's to-night, so we have been informed, and we must be on hand to welcome them."

Eph crossed the yard, but when he would have stepped up to take a short cut through the entry, his hand was caught in another hand so cold it sent a shiver of terror over him.

"My—why, S'phiry Ann!" he sharply exclaimed.

"Hush!" she whispered, drawing him out of the light. "Will you uns go with me ter old man Whitaker's, Eph?"

"This time o' night?"

"Yes, now."

"It's more'n a mile."

"We uns'l take the nigh cut through the woods."

"Dark as all git out."

"I'm not afeard; I'll go erlone then," she said with contempt.

"What air you uns up ter? Good Lord! S'phiry Ann, do you uns think that could be done, an' they a-ridin'?" suddenly understanding her purpose.

"Nothin' like tryin'," she replied, and glided like a shadow around the corner of the house. The boy stared for a moment after her.

"Well, I never!" he muttered, and followed on.

They ran through the orchard, an ill-kept, weedy place full of stunted apple trees, across a freshly plowed field to the dense, black woods beyond. It was a clear night, the sky thickly set with stars, and low in the west a pale moon hung between two towering sentinel peaks, but the light could not penetrate to the narrow pathway S'phiry Ann had selected as the nearest route to Whitaker's. The awful solitude, the intense darkness, did not daunt her. She knew the way, her footing was sure, and she ran swiftly as a deer before the hunters, animated by one desire, to get to Whitaker's before the officers.

It was a desperate chance. If her father detained them a few minutes longer—but if they hastened on—she caught her breath and quickened her own steps. Eph stumbled pantingly along behind her, divided between admiration at her fleetness and anger that he had been called on to take part in such a mad race.

In speaking of it afterwards, he said: "I never seed a creetur git over more ground in ez short a time sence that hound o' Mis' Beaseley's got pizened. It's a dispen's'n."

er providence her neck wasn't broke a rushin' through them gullies an' up them banks, an' it so dark you uns mought 'a' fell plum' inter the bottomless pit an' not a knowed it."

But S'phiry Ann had no consideration to spare to personal danger, as she broke through the underbrush and climbed stony, precipitous heights. Once an owl flew across her way, its outspread wings almost brushing her face, and with a terrified hoot sought a new hiding place. The wind swept whisperingly through the forest, and a loosened stone rolled down and fell with a dull, hollow sound into the black depths of the ravine below them. Eph wished they had brought a torch, wished that he had not come, then struck out in a fresh heat as he heard a mysterious rustling in the bushes behind him.

At last they emerged from the woods opposite Whitaker's, and S'phiry Ann leaned for a moment against the fence, panting, breathless, but exultant. She had won the race.

The house was only one forlorn old room, built of rough hewn logs, with a rickety shed in the rear. A small garden spot and the meager space inclosed with the house comprised all the open ground. Mountains rose darkly above it, and below, the mountain road wound and twisted in its tortuous course to the fair, open valley. At the back of the dwelling the ridge shelved abruptly off into a deep ravine, dark the brightest noonday, an abyss of blackness at night.

From the low, wide front door ruddy light streamed generously, defying the brooding night, playing fantastic tricks with the thickly growing bushes on the roadside. The girl had a good view of the interior, the men lounging around the fire, the vivid flame of pine knots bringing out the lines in their tanned, weatherbeaten faces, flashing into their lowering eyes, and searching out with cruel distinctness all the rough shabbiness of their coarse homespun and jeans.

There were the Whitaker boys, hardy, middle aged men; Jeff Ward, a little shriveled fellow with long, tangled, gray beard and sharp, watchful eyes; Bill Fletcher, who had bravely survived the trials which had proved the death of his comrade, poor Al Hendries; Jeems Allen, a smooth faced boy, and Gabe Plummer. He sat somewhat aloof from the others, staring gloomily into the fire, instead of giving attention to the lively story Jeff Ward was telling. At one end of the great hearth, laid of rough unhewn rocks, sat old man Whitaker, at the other, his wife—a gray and withered couple; he tremulous with age, she deaf as a stone.

Nobody seemed to be on the lookout for enemies. The wide flung door, the brilliant light, the careless group, gave an impression of security.

What had become of the revenue officers? No sound of hoofs struck upon the hard road, or murmur of voices betrayed hostile approach. Eph turned and peered down the road, then clutched excitedly at his companion's arm.

"Good Lord, S'phiry Ann! they're right down thar a-hitchin' they horses an' a-gittin' ready ter creep up. I'm er goin' ter leave here."

S'phiry sprang across the fence, and the next moment stood in the door.

"The raiders, the raiders air comin'," she cried, not loudly but with startling distinctness; her torn dress, wild, loose hair, and brilliant, excited eyes, giving her a strangely unfamiliar aspect. The warning cry thrilled through the room and brought every man to his feet in an instant.

"What? which way?" exclaimed young Jeems Allen, staring first up among the smoke blackened rafters, then at the solid log wall.

"Tain't the time fer axin' questions, but fer runnin', boys," said Jeff Ward, making a dash toward the back door, closely followed by his comrades. Gabe Plummer had made a step toward S'phiry Ann, but she vanished as he appeared, and he escaped with his friends into the fastnesses of the woods. There was a shout from the raiders, creeping stealthily around the house, a disordered pursuit, and over the cabin the stillness following a sudden whirlwind seemed to fall.

S'phiry Ann crept cautiously out from the chimney corner, slipped over the fence and knelt down on the edge of the bushes to watch and wait. The officers soon returned with torn clothes, scratch hands and faces, but without a prisoner. They were swearing in no measured terms at being baffled of their prey.

Old man Whitaker and his wife had quietly remained in the house, apparently not greatly moved from their usual placidity. Once the old woman dropped the ball of coarse yarn she was winding and rose to her feet, but the old man motioned her down again. They were questioned by the officers, but what reliable information could be expected from an imbecile old man and a deaf old woman! The girl could overlook the whole scene from a crack in the fence—the officers stamping about the room, the scattered chairs, the old people with their withered, yellow faces, dim eyes and bent, shrunken forms, and the dancing flames leaping up the wide, sooty chimney. Satisfied that the distillers were safe she softly rose and started across the road. One of the men caught a glimpse of her, the merest shadowy outline, and instantly shouted:

"There goes one of 'em now."

She heard him, heard the rush of feet over the threshold and the bare yard, and, without a backward glance, fled like a wild thing through the woods, home.

One afternoon, a week later, S'phiry Ann drew the wheel out into the middle of the kitchen floor, tightened the band, pulled a strip of yellow corn husk from a chink in the logs, and set herself to finish spinning the "fillin'" for the piece of cloth in the loom. Her mother and sister were out in the garden sowing seeds, Eph was cutting bushes in the new ground, and she could hear the loud, resonant "gee-haw" with which her father guided the ox drawing his plow. It was a serenely still day, with the heat of midsummer in its glowing sunshine, with only a flock of cloud here and there along the horizon and mountains wrapped in a fine, blue haze.

It had been a trying week to S'phiry Ann, but she had no time to mope and brood over her anxieties, no inclination to confide them to her family. She had not shirked daily duties, but went about them silently and without enthusiasm. The revenue officers, disgusted, angered, at their disappointment, lingered on the mountains several days seeking something to lay violent hands on. One still they found and destroyed, but if the earth had opened and swallowed them, their prey could not have disappeared more completely. The law is strong, but it loses its power when carried into the stronghold of the mountains,

majestic, clothed in repose, yielding up their secrets only to those bred and born upon them.

S'phiry Ann lifted her eyes to the lofty heights, yearning to know if her lover and his friends had found safe refuge, trembling with terror every time the dog barked or an ox cart creaked slowly along the road. When the family were made acquainted with her part in that Monday night raid there were various exclamatory remarks at the inconsistency of her behavior. Mrs. Standneges dropped her pipe and stared at her in great amazement.

"Well, ef you uns don't beat all! Last Sunday a-slightin' Gabe Plummer at meetin', an' now mighty nigh a-breakin' yer neck ter git him outen the way o' the raiders."

"Gabe wasn't the only one thar," said the girl in a low tone.

"But it stands ter reason you uns wouldn't 'a' done it, ef he hadn't 'a' ben thar. Yer pap may hev ter look out fer a new farm hand arter all," with a touch of facetious humor, but watching the slow reddening of the girl's throat and face, Standneges came to her aid.

"Let her be, ma, an' work it out in her own mind. Thar ain't no 'countin' fer the doin's o' wimmen folks, no how. They are mighty oncertain creeturs."

"Why, pap!" exclaimed his eldest daughter, a mixture of indignation and reproach in her tone.

"Now, I ain't a-meanin' ter throw off on 'em, an' I don't say as they ain't all steady enough when they settle down, but a gal in love is the oncertaintest creetur that ever lived. Now S'phiry Ann ain't a-lackin' in common sense an' grit, if she does belong to me," he continued, with calm impartiality; "an' ef she wants ter marry Gabe Plummer 'fore craps air laid by, she kin do it."

But it was Monday again, and S'phiry felt that her fortune was still an unsettled thing.

"Ef it hadn't 'a' ben for thinkin' o' Al Hendries' wife," she said to herself again and again, and the old spinning wheel flew swiftly beneath strong young fingers, and the yellow corn husk on the spindle filled slowly with smooth, even thread. She could look as downcast and troubled as her heart prompted, for no curious eyes were resting on her. Was it true? A shadow suddenly darkened the doorway.

"Howdy-do, S'phiry Ann?"

The half twisted thread fell from her fingers, writhed and rolled along the floor, fair sport for the kitten lazily coiled on the hearth, while she turned toward the secretly wished for but unexpected visitor. She trembled and the color in her face flushed and paled.

"Gabe!" Then quickly, and with a swift searching glance toward the road, "is it safe fer you uns ter be here?"

"Yes, they air gone—an' ter the devil, I hope." He leaned against the wall, jaded, forlorn looking, the week of hiding out not improving either temper or appearance.

"Take a cheer, an' set down, Gabe," she said, a vibration of tenderness pity in her voice.

"I ain't a-keerin' tu rest jes' yit. That was a good turn you uns done us 'tother night. No tellin' where we uns would be now ef it hadn't 'a' ben fer that. I don't know how to thank you uns fer it, S'phiry Ann," he said with strong emotion in his voice.

"Don't Gabe!" she stammered, stooping to snatch the tangled thread from the paws of the kitten.

"Would you uns 'a' done it fer me?"

"Tain't fair tu be axin' sech questions," she said defensively.

"Cordin' tu promise you uns air tu marry me."

"I said it if you uns ud go back tu the clearin'."

"Yes, an' that's jest what I'm a-goin' tu do. I've had a week o' thinkin', an' now I'm willin' tu 'low you uns kin hev your way. Ain't I ben afeerd tu put my head outen the holler?" he continued in angry disgust; "afeerd tu tech a dead leaf fer the noise it made, afeerd tu draw my breath, an' I tell ye I ain't a-hankerin' arter any more sech days, an' tole the boys so, an' I'm a goin' back tu the clearin' ef every crap fails."

S'phiry Ann stood by the wheel, her face turned from him, silent, motionless. He waited a moment, then strode across the floor and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"We uns mus' settle it now, S'phiry. I ain't a-damin' you uns now, though I don't say I didn't back yander a week ergo, fer standin' tu principle."

"If it hadn't 'a' ben fer thinkin' o' Al Hendries' wife," she said gently.